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RELIGIOUS and MORAL

SUBJECTS.

By JONATHAN HILL,  
SCHOOL-MASTER, at STANHOPE;  
late of BRANDON.



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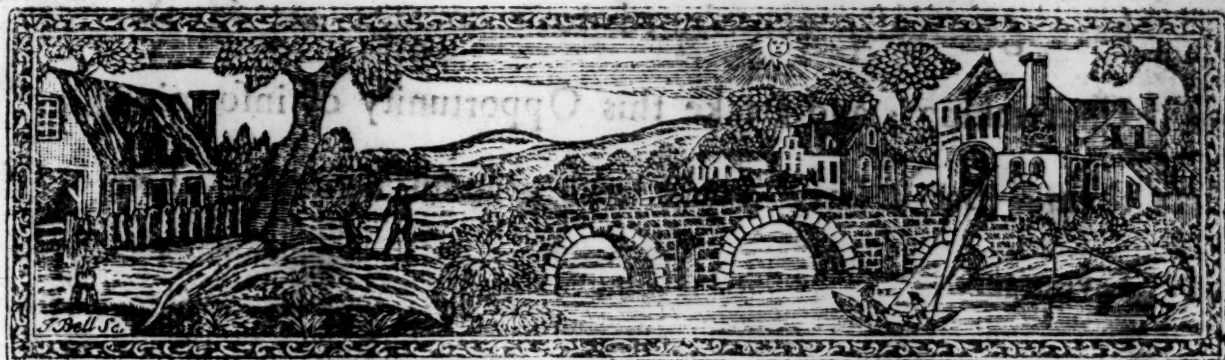
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OF  
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RELIGIOUS AND MORAL  
SUBJECTS  
IN BOSTON  
BY  
J. W. LEABRON





T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HE AUTHOR of the following Pieces is very sensible of his own Defects, and hopes the good Natur'd READER will excuse the Inaccuracies of his Productions, when he is inform'd, that his Education at School was only to read *English*. My grateful Acknowledgements are due on this Occasion to all who



have generously contributed to encourage me in this Undertaking ; and I take this Opportunity of informing them, that I have a just and grateful Sense of their Favours.

*And am,*

With Wisheſ of Health

And Happineſs to all my Friends,

*Their greatly obliged,*

*And very Humble Servant,*

JONATHAN HILL.





To Mr. JOHN BOWDAN.



*OWDAN*, to thee, the Muse presents her Lays;  
And trusting firm in Friendship's sacred Name,  
Recites in lowly Numbers, lowly Things;  
Yet not so low, but Reason's Ear will stoop  
To hear the Tale, and Virtue too attend

And smile her Approbation; if the Muse  
Can gain such Judges to approve her Song,  
Tho' MILTON's Genius that delights to roam  
To Nature's outmost Orb, assists her not;  
Tho' THOMPSON's Muse, that paints the vernal Scene  
In Colours lively, as the blushing Rose,  
Be wanting here, yet will she hope to please.

THE Worth of Time, how swift it glides away,  
And how it presses on the thoughtless Wretch,

B

Was

Was lately sung by *Britain's* Moral Muse;  
 How I this Blessing value; how improve  
 The flying Moments; what Amusements fill  
 The vacant Spaces, and the Blanks of Life,  
 Shall be the humble Subject of my Song;  
 Attend my Friend, for here thy tender Heart,  
 Shall hear no rueful Tales of murder'd Hares,  
 Of Plovers shot, or guiltless Partridge caught  
 Beneath the spreading Net's intangling Snare:  
 Yet these are little Tyrants, when compar'd  
 With those, who sick of Ease, and soft Repose,  
 Involve whole Nations in destructive War,  
 And bid inhuman Discord range the Globe.

SOON as the Orient brightens with th' Ray  
 Of Heaven's ascending Lamp, I start from Sleep,  
 And shake the heavy Slumbers from my Eyes;  
 Then bend the Knee (O, may the Heart too bend  
 In meek Prostration!) to th' Almighty Pow'r,  
 Beneath whose all-protecting Wings, I pass  
 The silent Night; and rose again reviv'd  
 With Vigour fresh, and all my Nerves new brac'd,  
 Emblem expressive of that happy Morn,  
 When, from the silent Bed of Death, the Just  
 Shall rise to Glory, and immortal Youth.

THEN thro' the Meads, refresh'd with humid Dew,

I rove at large, and feast the wand'ring Eye,  
 With Nature's lovely, ever blooming Charms,  
 The Hawthorn Hedge it's lovely White displays,  
 Cowslips and Daisies deck th' enamell'd Meads;  
 The tender Lambkins frisk and dance around,  
 And Nature smiles beneath th' enliv'ning Beam  
 Of yon bright Orb, who, as he gradually mounts  
 Up Heav'n's blue Concave, brightens by Degrees,  
 'Till seated in Meridian Skies, he shines  
 Compleat in all his Lustre: Emblem fair  
 Of bright progressive Virtue, gath'ring Strength  
 From ev'ry Object, ev'ry Accident,  
 'Till perfect grown, nor longer fit for Earth,  
 She soars to Heav'n, and shines amongst the Stars.

FROM ev'ry Spray is heard the warb'ling Note  
 Of rural Songsters; while the simple Swain,  
 As forth he trudges to his daily Task,  
 With Leather Baggs and Bottle by his Side,  
 And Mind unrack'd with Guilt, or anxious Care,  
 Cheer'd by the gay delightful Season, feels  
 His Blood flow fresh, and Spirits brisk and gay;  
 And joins the Concert, with exulting Joy.

THE Low of Herds, the Bleat of fleecy Flocks,  
 The bubbling Fountain, and the tinkling Rill,  
 The distant View of some fair Water-Fall,



Or gentle Murmurs of the purling Stream;  
 These all conspire to harmonize the Soul,  
 And teach the Heart to prize the solid Bliss,  
 Of well pois'd Passions, and an equal Mind.

MORNING elaps'd, I homeward turn, and then  
 The Culture of the Mind employs my Care;  
 To curb unruly Passions, which deface  
 The human Soul; to cherish, and promote  
 The Growth of ev'ry social, moral Worth;  
 To teach my Pupils Piety, and Truth,  
 And fix the Godlike Purpose in their Hearts,  
 Be this my Aim, nor shall I doubt, but *he*  
 Who Virtue loves, will kindly take the Toil,  
 As dear to him, as Sacrifice, or Praise.

EV'NING arriv'd, the Actions of the Day  
 Strictly examin'd, and minutely scann'd,  
 When Conscience pleas'd, gives an approving Smile;  
 To harmless Mirth I then unbend my Mind,  
 Regale the Fancy with the sportive Jest;  
 Or hearken to the little prat'ling Tale  
 Of Innocence, unknowing to deceive;  
 Grateful Amusement, to behold the Growth  
 Of social Passion, whilst it sits confess'd,  
 In Nods, and Smirks, and kind endearing Smiles.

PERHAPS

PERHAPS the Ev'ning fair, and vacant Hour  
 Invite to walk ; in either Hand well pleas'd,  
 A pratt'ling Boy and Girl attend my Steps,  
 To where the setting Sun, whose Noon Tide Ray  
 Full in Meridian Glory blaz'd intense,  
 With milder Beams smiles on the blossom'd Grove;  
 And paints the Landskip in a softer Shade.

DELIGHTFUL, to behold the roscat Bloom  
 Of Nature; with a Philosophic Eye,  
 To trace her Beauties, and remark her Laws,  
 In Thought to view that ever active Pow'r,  
 That unremitting Energy, which fills  
 Immensity; and with a liberal Hand  
 Unseen, (yet not the less to be ador'd,)  
 Diffuses Blessings on the Sons of Dust.

NOW is the Time, for him, whose Heav'n-born Muse  
 Disdains ignoble Subjects, to retire  
 From busy Crowds, and busy bustling Men,  
 And in the lone Recess of Nature's Works,  
 While Contemplation lends her pow'rful Aid,  
 And each fair Object prompts the pleasing Theme,  
 To sing of Nature, and her glorious Cause.

THE Song of Birds, the lovely blooming Meads,  
 Deck'd with fair Flow'rs, the gentle rising Hills

Cover'd with fleecy Flocks, the laughing Vales  
 With future Harvests crown'd; united all  
 In silent Language (understood alone,  
 By him who Virtue loves) excite the Muse  
 With all her Warmth to join the gen'ral Hymn  
 Of grateful Praise; and lead the wand'ring Mind,  
 To that sure Rock of Rest, the gracious Sire  
 Of ev'ry moral Worth, and purer Joy.

As thus we walk, the little Strangers, who  
 With beating Hearts view ev'ry flow'ry Shrub  
 With many a what, and why, accost my Ear,  
 Nor is the Toil ungrateful, to assist  
 Th' op'ning Mind, to help it to unfold  
 It's higher Pow'rs, and point it to the Source  
 Of uncreated Beauty, whose rich Hand  
 Spreads all the blooming Beauties of the Spring,  
 And paints the golden Orbs that bend the Bough,  
 When Autumn spreads his Bosom to the Sun,  
 With Streaks of Radiance, like the blushing Morn.

HENCE in the Vale, or on the flow'ry Bank,  
 Where glides the Stream, or Fountains bub'ling play;  
 The GOD that made them, they are taught to know;  
 Nor taught to know alone, but to adore:  
 Hence to their tender Minds, the noblest Truths,  
 Truths most important, most becoming Man,



Find free Access, and are with Ease imbib'd;  
 And hence the lovely Train of Virtues fair,  
 Good Will to Man, and Piety to GOD,  
 With the fair off-spring of the social Heart.

O, THOU blest Source, of Light, and Life, and Joy!  
 Sole Friend of Truth; dejected Virtue's Guard,  
 O'er barren Mountains, and through Vales of Tears;  
 With Looks of Mercy view my Infant Train,  
 Shine on their Minds, and cheer the op'ning Buds  
 Of Truth and Virtue, with thy heavenly Beam;  
 Save them from ev'ry idle, vain Pursuit,  
 And in the winding Wilderness of Life,  
 Where ev'n the Good Man often goes astray,  
 LORD, let thy Grace conduct them, and thy Word  
 Direct their devious Steps, and light their Paths;  
 " And let them never, never stray from thee "

— Thompson.

As Home we walk, the ruddy Milk-Maid's Pail  
 Affords a healthful Draught; the Food of KINGS,  
 E'er Luxury, with her fascinating Wiles,  
 Debas'd the Manners, and deprav'd the Heart.

AROUND the Place, the little sportive Youth,  
 In harmless Gambols spend th' Ev'ning Hours;  
 Here one on hobby Horse, majestic rides;  
 There two start off, and press to reach the Goal,

Some

Some glit'ring Toy, the bright, the sparkling Prize,  
 That animates their Breasts; see there a Train,  
 One to another yok'd, in meet Array,  
 Mimick the Carter's Toil; while at their Side,  
 The little Goad-Man walks, to curb the Fierce,  
 Quicken the Sluggard, and conduct with Care,  
 Th' unwieldy Luggage to the destin'd Place,  
 Where late the little Counsel thoughtful sat  
 In sage Debate, and with one common Voice  
 Agreed, some Fabric of stupendous Size,  
 With Clay, and Sand, and pebble Stones to rear.

ON yon Hill Side, see how the rougher Youth,  
 To hardy Exercise his Sinews lends,  
 Leaps with his Friend, or pushes from his Arm  
 The cumb'rous Stone; how happy, if by Chance,  
 An Inch or two he overleaps them all!  
 His Heart exults, his Spirits flow afresh,  
 And boasting in his Strength, he struts about,  
 And bids them all Defiance: But enough,  
 Enough my Friend, of rural Sports is sung;  
 Tho' no unpleasing Subject this, to him,  
 Who, from the busy, crafty World retir'd,  
 Peruses Nature's fair, instructive Page;  
 And there conyerfes with himself, and GOD.



## An HYMN to the CREATOR.

**T**HE Muse has oft in Numbers idly gay,  
 Sung Beauty's Charms, and trifled Life away;  
 But now a nobler Theme her Breast inspires,  
 Warm'd with the Heav'nly Touch of purer Fires;  
 Nature's great Author, and his matchless Ways,  
 She pants in tributary Verse to praise.

O, THOU whose Word did Light from Darknefs part,  
 Divide the Light and Darknefs in my Heart;  
 That my dark Soul, illum'd by Wisdom's Ray,  
 May praise with Pleasure; with Devotion, Pray.

A SONG of Praise!—let all Things that have Life,  
 Join in the grateful Work, and generous Strife;

YOU Birds that warble in th' op'ning Glade,  
 Or sing beneath the Covert of the Shade,  
 In one loud Concert, mix your various Strains,  
 And pour the Song along the flow'ry Plains  
 And as your Notes the Shepherd's Fancy please,  
 Borne on the Wings of Winds, or gentle Breeze,  
 May he in Raptures join the gen'ral Hymn;  
 And Nature's Charms, and Nature's Author Sing.



**Y**ou Flocks, that nibble on the grassy Plain,  
 Emblems of Innocence, join too the Strain;  
 And as ye range the Fields, or roam the Wood,  
 Bleat out his Praise who fills the World with Good,

**Y**ou Kine, whose Udders bear a plenteous Load,  
 Of healthful Juice, praise too that bounteous **G O D**,  
 Who gives ye Pow'r, surprizing Pow'r indeed !  
 The Peasant, and the hungry Swain to feed.

**Y**ou sparkling Tribe, ye lovely blooming Flow'rs,  
 That deck our Meads, and decorate our Bow'rs,  
 O, say whose Pencil gives your charming hue?  
 Whose Hand your just and nice Proportions drew.

**Y**ou waving Harvests on the fertile Plain,  
 That fill the Reaper's Hand with wholesome Grain,  
 Ye humble Shrubs, ye lofty Forests bend  
 With awful Rev'rence, and the **H Y M N** attend.

**Y**ou purling Streams. ye little trinkling Rills,  
 That glide thro' Vales, or dance among the Hills,  
 Ye nobler Streams that wind along the Plain,  
 Ye rougher Floods, and thou tremendous Main;  
 Whether your Murmurs sooth the Poet's Ear,  
 Or bursting Waves the Pilot strike with Fear,  
 Still let th' **A L M I G H T Y**'s Praises be the Theme,  
 Of raging Billows, and of murmuring Stream.

**Y**ou

YOU gentle Dews, ye Mists that straggling stray,  
 You fleecy Clouds ting'd with the solar Ray;  
 Whether ye loofely float on *Æther's* Plain,  
 Or fall in soft refreshing Show'rs of Rain;  
 Rising or falling, thro' your changeful Ways,  
 Extol his Pow'r, and warble forth his Praise.

THOU Sun, pursuing thy coelestial Way,  
 Parent of Seasons! Source of chearful Day!  
 Whether in Northern Signs you chuse to range,  
 And gladden Nature with a grateful Change;  
 Or into Southern Climes, you wander far,  
 Dispensing thus, a kind and equal Care  
 To all the Globe, throughout thy winding Ways  
 Preach Nature's GOD to all the human Race.

AND thou fair Empress of the silent Night,  
 With delegated Beams of Glory bright;  
 Whether in clouded Majesty you rise,  
 Or Beam refulgent in Meridian Skies;  
 Or setting, on the Western Ocean smile,  
 And Cares of weary Mariners beguile;  
 From East to West, throughout thy daily Road,  
 Still sing of Nature, and her mighty GOD.

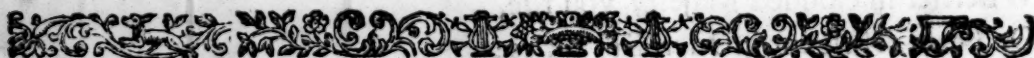
YOU glitt'ring Stars that form her lucid Train,  
 And sparkle in the fair ethereal Plain;  
 " Myriads of glowing Lamps that deck the Skies, "  
 And round her Throne alternate set and rise:

— Young.

O sing the Pow'r divine, at whose Command,  
Ye run and preach to ev'ry distant Land.

SHALL Man most favour'd, Heav'n's peculiar Care,  
That does his MAKER's sacred Image bear,  
Shall he neglect the pious Work? shall he,  
Sit mute, nor join the general Harmony?  
No! let your grateful Heart explore his Ways,  
Muse on his Power divine! and hymn his Praise!  
In sacred Rapture! such as best may prove  
A Soul inflam'd with Gratitude and Love.

FOR me, when I the darling Theme refuse,  
Be dead my Heart, and dumb my warbling Muse:  
May Fancy paint no more the vernal Scene,  
The flow'ry Shade, or gayly chequer'd Green,  
When my ungrateful Heart forgets to praise,  
Her Life's Support, and Guardian of her Ways.



### A Simile on PROVIDENCE.

BEHOLD the tender Mother! circl'd round,  
With infant Prat'lers, Miniatures of Man,  
Solicitous for each, on this she smiles,  
That to her Breast, the Seat of soft Delight,  
She ardent presses, while against her Knee,  
A smiling Cherub leans, cheer'd with a Look  
Of mild Benignity; her humble Feet

Support



Support another, with it's Soffa pleas'd  
Not less than eastern Monarchs on their Thrones,

SUCH, to the weak, the helpless Race of Men,  
Is Providence; his ever-watchful Eye  
Surveys his infant Rationals; his Arm,  
Omnipotent in Pow'r, is stretched out  
To lead the Wanderer through this Vale of Tears:  
His Smiles disperse our Doubts, his Word can raise  
The sinking Heart; and through the Maze of Life,  
In Joy, and Health, in Sickness, Grief and Pain;  
The Noon-Day Blaze, or Midnight's horrid Gloom,  
The Guardian Pow'r still hovers o'er the Just.



### PSALM the 1<sup>st</sup> Paraphras'd.

**H**APPY the Man, whose prudent Steps decline  
The Paths where Sinners tread, thrice happy he,  
Who, when the Sons of Riot would seduce,  
Turns a deaf Ear nor joins the impious Band  
Who scoff at Truth, and Piety deride:  
But in that Place, where Heav'n's mysterious Ways,  
Are plann'd at large, he with attentive Mind  
Does frequent meditate; oft in the Day,  
Revolves its sacred Precepts; oft at Night,  
When Heav'nly Grace, with ev'ning Dews descends,  
Makes it his Study and his sole Delight.

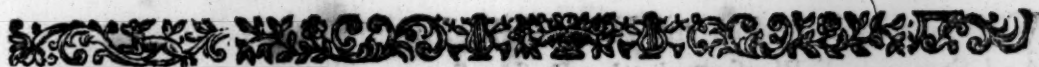
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Like

LIKE some fair Tree, whose Root is planted near,  
 The fertile River's Brink, whose golden Fruit  
 Bend the fair Boughs, and charm the wond'ring Eye,  
 So shall his Virtues flourish; thus his Years  
 Be crown'd with Blessings, and his Ev'ning Hours  
 Cheer'd with his Heav'nly Father's placid Smile.

NOR so the Sinner, he like empty Chaff  
 Toss'd by the Wind, is driven quite away;  
 No Mark, nor Traces of his Mem'ry left,  
 But to Oblivion's dreary Tomb consign'd.  
 For virtuous Paths in which the pious tread,  
 By Heav'n are still approv'd; GOD's guardian Shield,  
 And Arm omnipotent are their Defence;  
 But Sinners, and the vile detested Ways  
 In which they walk (so Providence ordains)  
 Shall end in Ruin, and eternal Death.





P S A L M the LXIII<sup>d</sup>. Paraphras'd.

*David, compell'd by the Persecution of Saul, to fly into the Desert, laments his Absence from the Place of divine Worship; implores the divine Presence to comfort and support him in his Afflictions; and prays for Deliverance from his Enemies.*

**T**O Thee, blest Source of Bliss! my Voice I raise,  
 Guide of my Youth, and Guardian of my Ways;  
 Here in this Wilderness forlorn I roam,  
 Far from the House of Pray'r, and native Home,  
 "Nor vernal Bloom, nor Summer's Rose appear,"  
 Nor cooling Streams the fainting Heart to cheer;  
 But barren Rocks, and Desarts all around,  
 In one extended Waste, the Eye confound:  
 Yet not forgetful of thy righteous Ways,  
 My Heart still beats to warble forth thy Praise;  
 Pants for thy Grace, and longs to join the Band,  
 Who in thy House with lovely Order stand.  
 But thou art not by Time nor Place confin'd,  
 All Nature owns thy omnipresent Mind;  
 Tho' here an Exile from thy Courts I rove,  
 Still bless me with the Pledges of thy Love;  
 Break through the Cloud, thy Influ'nce let me find,  
 Unveil thy Face, and shine upon thy Mind;  
 So shall my Soul, in Ties of Duty bound,  
 With all her Pow'rs, thy solemn Praise resound;

— Milton,

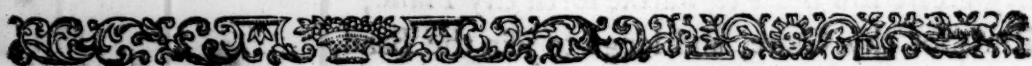
With



With Gratitude divine, my Heart shall glow,  
And Streams of Pleasures in the Desert flow.

WHILE Life informs, and animates this Frame,  
My Verse shall flow to celebrate thy Name;  
Nor Day, nor Night, will I forgetful prove,  
Of all thy Favours, gracious GOD of Love!

BENEATH thy Wings for Shelter I repose,  
O, guard me from the Malice of my Foes;  
Let not the Wretch, who hunts my Soul, succeed;  
Nor let thy Servant as a Victim bleed:  
So shall I live to magnify thy Name,  
And to the rising Age thy Praise proclaim,  
How good, how just, how righteous all thy Ways,  
Shall be the constant Subject of my Lays,  
The SAINTS shall join thy Goodness to attest,  
Nor Sinners dare the glorious Truth contest.



# PSALM the C<sup>th</sup>.

1.

**Y**E various Nations all around,  
The great JEHOVAH's Praise resound,  
And Magnify his Ways;  
With pious Awe, and holy Fear,  
The sacred Source of Truth revere,  
And sing his endless Praise.

2. Each

2.

Each Part that forms our curious Frame,  
The circling Flood, and vital Flame,  
Attest his forming Pow'r:  
He like a watchful Shepherd, leads  
His tender Lambs to fertile Meads,  
And guards them ev'ry Hour.

3.

When to his sacred Courts you press,  
His holy Name in HYMNS to blest  
And mingle Flame with Flame;  
O, let your grateful Hearts declare,  
His Kindness and Paternal Care,  
And spread his matchless Fame.

4.

In GOD the Source of Pow'r divine,  
Unbounded Love, and Goodness shine,  
The drooping Soul to raise;  
His Mercy, unconfin'd to place,  
Extends to all the human Race:  
Let all sing forth his Praise!



P S A L M the CXXVIII<sup>th</sup>.

**B**LES'T is the Man! whose pious Soul,  
 With filial Rev'rence fears the Lord;  
 Who makes his right'ous Laws his Guide  
 And meditates his sacred Word.

2.

As Vines, whose fruitful Branches bend  
 Beneath the purple Cluster's Load:  
 So shall his virtuous Wife adorn  
 His lowly Cot, and blest Abode.

3.

Like Olives plac'd in graceful Rows,  
 His smiling Progeny shall rise;  
 And while the infant Buds expand,  
 His Heart shall beat with fond Surprise

4.

Tutor'd in Wisdom's sacred Rules,  
 His future Race he shall survey;  
 And after Death the soaring Soul,  
 Shall triumph in eternal Day.

PSALM



P S A L M the CXXI<sup>th</sup>.

1.

**T**O *Sion's* Hills, my Eyes I raise,  
 Where Songs of Gratitude and Praise,  
 The chosen Tribe employ ;  
 To *Sion's* GOD, whose Bounty feeds  
 My hungry Soul ; supplies my Needs,  
 And fills my Heart with Joy.

2.

From GOD, the Source of Might and Power,  
 Whose Favour guards me ev'ry Hour,  
 My daily Succours flow ;  
 He made the spark'ling Stars to shine,  
 He form'd the Earth with Skill divine,  
 And caus'd the Flowers to grow.

3.

My Feet in Wisdom's perfect Way  
 He'll guide, and never let me stray  
 From Virtue's peaceful Road ;  
 His ever watchful Eyes ne'er sleep ;  
 The Just he will in Safety keep,  
 And be their guardian G O D.

4.

The Lord himself the GOD of Might,  
Is my Protector Day and Night,  
And still my Guide will be;  
My GOD in my Defence shall stand,  
And from my Foe's vindictive Hand,  
Protect and set me free.

5.

The Sun, whose sultry Rays annoy  
The fainting Trav'ler, can't destroy  
The Peace that from him flows;  
Nor can the Moon, whose fainting Rays  
The superstitious World amaze,  
Disturb that blest Repose.

6.

The Lord, on whom I still confide,  
Will all my Ways, and Actions guide,  
And guard my Soul from Ill;  
'Tis he who does my Life defend;  
'Tis he who is my warmest Friend,  
And kindest Parent still.

7.

My going out he shall direct,  
My coming in again protect,  
And guide me all my Days;

For

For which my Soul for evermore,  
Her gracious AUTHOR shall adore,  
And sing his endless Praise.



## The LORD'S PRAYER Paraphras'd.

I.

**H**AIL sov'reign Goodness! blest immortal King!  
Whose Presence fills Creation's ample Space:  
Aid, and assist, while we our Tribute bring,  
And supplicate thy Favour and thy Grace.

2.

In Heav'n thy Glories are display'd abroad,  
Thy Servants there behold thy blessed Face;  
The Seraphs hymn the ever perfect GOD,  
And crowding Angels on thy Splendours gaze.

3.

While here we wander in this Vale below,  
Instruct us, gracious GOD, thy Name to fear;  
And let the Tenor of our Actions shew,  
How greatly we Thy MAJESTY revere.

4.

To all the Earth, O, great Creator! send  
The happy Tidings in thy Word exprest;

May



May ev'ry Knee, to JESU's Sceptre bend,  
And CHRIST, in ev'ry Language be confest.

5.

Grant that the Sons of Men, tho' frail and weak,  
May keep with Hearts sincere, thy right'ous Will;  
And, like the radiant Sons of Glory, seek  
Thy sacred Laws and Precepts to fulfil.

6.

Beset with Dangers, or expos'd to Want,  
Still let us on thy Truth and Pow'r rely;  
And of thy Goodness, gracious Father, grant  
To Nature's real Wants a kind Supply.

7.

Of all our Sins, wherever done, or wrought,  
For JESU's Sake, let us thy Pardon find;  
And let no cruel, base, revengeful Thought,  
Deface thy sacred Image in our Mind.

8.

From all the real Ills that Life attend,  
And all the Plots infernal Pow'r's design,  
L O R D, let thy Grace thy Servants still defend,  
And all the Thanks, and Praises shall be thine.

9. To

To GOD on high, let Glory due be paid,  
 And let the pious Soul his Praise resound;  
 For Glory, Kingly Pow'r, and mighty Aid,  
 In him their sacred Source, alone are found.



## On the KING of *PRUSSIA*.

**T**HE Muse that wont to tune the rural Reed,  
 And paint the Beauties of the flow'ry Mead;  
 The Prospects fair, the rising Crops of Corn,  
 And blushing Graces of the rosy Morn;  
 The vernal Walk, the fair enammel'd Green,  
 And all the Charms that deck the Sylvan Scene;  
 In grateful Numbers now attempts to sing,  
 Religion's Guard; and *PRUSSIA*'s Royal King:  
 O, could I paint the Thoughts that fill my Mind,  
 The Classic Muse should here a Rival find;  
 The Pow'rs of Harmony should grace the Whole,  
 And *FREDERICK* be the animating Soul.  
 Whate'er the Friends of Luxury chuse to say  
 Of living freely, while 'tis call'd To-day,  
 Thro' all the various Turns of Life we find,  
 RELIGION only can exalt the Mind;  
 'Tis she inspires each noble, gen'rous Deed,  
 And gives the Hero Fortitude to bleed;

To

To meet the King of Terrors in the Face,  
 And act each useful Part of Life, with Grace;  
 When Honour calls, with dauntless Heart to fly  
 To Climes remote beneath another Sky;  
 Or on the Main where raging Billows flow,  
 To seek, with ardent Zeal, his Country's Foe;  
 Not with a brutal Rage, but gen'rous Mind;  
 Not to destroy, but to protect Mankind:  
 To Foes who in a War unjust engage,  
 Fierce as the Tyger's or the Lion's Rage;  
 But when the vanquish'd would his Pity move,  
 Mild as a Lamb, and gentle as a Dove.  
 Such are the Virtues that adorn the Soul,  
 Where Truth and Honour reign without Controul;  
 Such *PRUSSIA*, is thy Great, thy Godlike King!  
 And such the Graces of the Man I sing!

He, form'd alike, for Peace, or hostile War,  
 Protects his People with paternal Care;  
 Anxious for *Europe's* Happiness and Peace;  
 His Cares nor slacken, nor his Labours cease;  
 Well pleas'd the peaceful Olive-Wand to wield,  
 Or dart th' Jav'lin in the hostile Field;  
 Well pleas'd the calm Delights of Peace to know,  
 Or hurl Destruction on Religion's Foe:  
 Nor Hunger, Toil, or Thirst, his Soul dismay;  
 Thro' Dangers, and thro' Deaths he clears his Way;

Intent



Intent Religion's Sacred Cause to guard,  
 From GOD alone, he hopes his just Reward;  
 Nor can tyrannic Pow'rs, tho' all combine,  
 Obstruct his rapid Course, or blast the grand Design.

PROFITIOUS Heav'n, accept the Muse's Pray'r,  
 Make this great Man the Object of thy Care;  
 Through all the Wiles of War his Footsteps lead,  
 And with thy guardian Shield defend his Head:  
 When Cannons roar, and Balls promiscuous fly,  
 Let thy Almighty Arm be ever nigh,  
 To ward the Blow; his sacred Life defend,  
 And give his just Designs a prosp'rous End.



To Miss *BOWES*, of GIBSIDE.

1.

**T**O You, whom all the tuneful Nine inspire,  
 To breath the vocal Song, and tune the Lyre;  
 A Muse, nurs'd up in Shades presents her Lays;  
 And ardent seeks your op'ning Worth to praise.

2.

MANY there are who deck the outward Form,  
 Neglect the Mind, and yield to Passion's Storm;  
 Harmonic Sounds with justest Skill you trace,  
 And charm the Soul with ev'ry moral Grace.

E

3. WHEN

3.

WHEN pensive Grief, and pining Want appear,  
Your soft Compassion drops the tender Tear \* ;  
When suppliant Want your Succour wou'd demand,  
Your Bounty meets the needy, craving Hand,

4.

As the fair Rose perfumes the vernal Gale,  
And breaths its Odours round the dewy Vale,  
So your diffusive Bounty spreads its Rays,  
And claims the Muse's tributary Praise.

5.

MAY that blest Pow'r who crowns the gen'rous Strife,  
Of infant Virtues struggling into Life,  
Shine on your Soul; his Image there impress,  
Confirm your Virtues, and your Person blefs.

\* The Author was inform'd some Years since, that Miss BOWES, when very young, took Pleasure in giving Money to poor People, and would weep when her Stock was exhausted.



## The GENEROUS DOVE; a FABLE.

IN Summer's Prime, on a hot sultry Day,  
A painful ANT was trudging on the Way:  
Faint with the Heat, and thirsty with the Drought,  
Refreshment at a cooling Spring she sought ;

But

But by unlucky Chance her Hold she lost,  
And round the bubb'ling Element was tost.

AN harmless DOVE, who saw her wretched Case,  
Approach'd with Heart humane the fatal Place;  
Straight from a Tree she pluckt a leafy Bough,  
Which to the dying ANT she kindly threw,  
And from the liquid Death, the helpless Insect drew.  
O, glorious Action! sweet luxurious Feast!  
" To Minds of dove-like Innocence possess'd. "

— Young.

This Office done she seeks a lofty Spray,  
When straight a wily Fowler came that Way;  
His Piece he level'd, took the fatal Aim,  
The grateful Insect saw, and quickly came;  
With all her Pow'r his Heel she piercing wounds,  
He starts, the Piece goes off, the Noise resounds;  
The frighted DOVE takes Wing, and leaves her Seat,  
Flies to the Cote, and gains a safe Retreat.

LEARN hence, that pure Benevolence shall find  
A just Reward, or from the grateful Mind,  
Or that blest Pow'r who reigns enthron'd on high,  
And Virtue views with an approving Eye:  
Or soon, or late, Heav'n's sure Rewards shall prove,  
That virtuous Actions please the GOD of Love.







## The COCK and FOX; a FABLE.

**A**S REYNARD once was ranging round,  
 The flow'ry Lawns, and Woodland Ground,  
 A COCK upon a Tree he 'spy'd,  
 Whom with a wily Look he ey'd;  
 Then open'd thus his sly Oration,  
 "Great JOVE of late made Proclamation,  
 That Animals of ev'ry Kind,  
 Who stalk on Earth, or wing the Wind,  
 From hence shall live in mutual Love,  
 And all the Sweets of Friendship prove:  
 What need you then to fit so high,  
 As Safety dwelt beyond the Sky;  
 When none your Slumbers dares molest,  
 Though on the Ground you make your Nest?"

THE COCK, who did his Purpose smoke,  
 And saw through the designing Joke;  
 Stretch'd out his Neck, and look'd afar,  
 And answer'd; "Whether Peace or War  
 Commission'd be by JOVE, I see  
 Some Dogs come yelping here to me  
 With hasty Steps;" which made the Thief,  
 Be in his Answers very brief;  
 In Flight he knew his Safety lay,  
 And sneaking off, he scour'd away.

On seeing the PICTURE of the King of PRUSSIA.

**G**REAT PRINCE, when we behold thy Manly Face,  
 The Christian Hero we with Pleasure trace;  
 In ev'ry Feature we with Raptures find  
 The fair Impressions of thy generous Mind:  
 Thoughtful to weigh each dire Event of War,  
 And guard against them with prudential Care;  
 Serene as Angels in th' ethereal Sky,  
 Yet quick as rapid Light'nings, when they fly:  
 O, may that Pow'r whose piercing Eye surveys  
 Of Statesmen's Hearts the ever-winding Maze;  
 Detect each Plot that for thy Life is laid,  
 And send in each Distress his friendly Aid:  
 In all the Dangers of destructive War,  
 Be thy lov'd Life the guardian Angel's Care;  
 And in the Terrors of the hostile Field,  
 May GOD's Almighty Arm be still thy Shield.

To JOHN HILL, at HILTON-CASTLE.

**T**O thee my Benefactor, thee my Friend,  
 These artless, rude, unpolish'd Lines I send;  
 O, cou'd I paint to Life the Brother's Mind,  
 Immortal POPE, should here a Rival find;  
 But since untutor'd in the Classic School,  
 My Muse must write from Nature, not by Rule;

Accept

Accept at least what Friendship would impart,  
Tho' unembellish'd by the Rules of Art.

NATURE to thee unveils her lovely Face,  
And charming Landships all the Country grace;  
The Pow'rs of Art, with her's at once combin'd,  
Form Scenes to charm the Philosophic Mind;  
While thro' the pleasing Walks you wand'ring rove,  
The Calm Delights of Solitude you prove;  
View Plants and Shrubs in vernal Beauty drest,  
And Nature's GOD, in Nature's Works contest.

To me the Hills their naked Prospect lend,  
And awful seem their tow'ring Heads to bend;  
No flow'ry Lawns the Fancy entertain,  
Nor verdant Meadow, nor enammel'd Plain;  
Yet here my Muse, with sacred Song is fir'd,  
And all my Soul with Virtue's Charms inspir'd;  
The great creating Pow'r I still can trace,  
In Nature's wild uncultivated Face;  
And on his meanest Works, impress'd I find,  
The Proof of one Supreme, eternal Mind.

O, may that Pow'r Supreme, thy Walks attend,  
Watch o'er my Brother, and preserve my Friend:  
Thro' the wild Maze of Life thy Steps direct;  
By Day defend thee, and by Night protect:  
And guide thee in the safe, the happy Road,  
"That leads from Nature, up to Nature's GOD."

——— Paper  
To

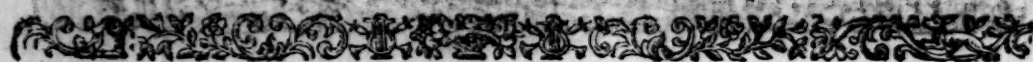




To Mr. JOSEPH GARTHWAIT.

**I**F through this busy Scene you'd calmly steer,  
And taste the Bliss of human Life sincere?  
Attend, my Friend, to what these Lines impart,  
And hear the faithful Dictates of my Heart.

'Tis not a large Estate, as *India* wide,  
Can calm the Breast of him who bloats with Pride;  
'Tis not the shining Robes of Pomp and State  
Can make the Rascal, or the Villain great;  
Nor can the Joys of Sense, true Peace afford,  
While Man's the Vassal of so base a Lord;  
With Fumes of Wine, Content disdains to dwell,  
And lawless Passions are the Type of Hell;  
Where then does Peace, true Peace of Mind abide,  
Say, in what happy Breast does she reside?  
In his, whose ev'ry Thought by Virtue moves;  
In his, who GOD reveres, and Goodness loves;  
In his, whose gen'rous, more exalted Mind,  
Takes in the various Wants of human Kind,  
Who freely does the Gifts of Heav'n impart,  
To raise the low, and cheer the drooping Heart;  
Whose Passions yield to Reason's rightful Sway,  
And the just Dictates of the Mind obey;  
Whose Heart is fix'd on no inferior Good,  
But for his Portion chuses Nature's GOD.



## A THOUGHT in SICKNESS.

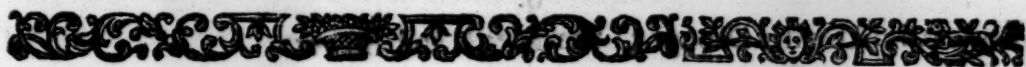
**W**HAT means my Soul, these Murmurs and Complaints?  
 Why these distrustful, these desponding Thoughts?  
 Whence all these Doubts, when Love and Goodness reign?  
 Shall the Supreme, whose omnipresent Eye  
 Views Nature at one Glance, attend thy Call,  
 And own thy impious Summons? Shall a Worm,  
 A Reptile of the Earth, (audacious Thought!)  
 Arraign eternal Wisdom, and pretend  
 Th' Omniscient's Sacred Counsels to direct?  
 Mortal, forbear! Nor murmur once to see  
 The Rich and Prosp'rous flush'd with florid Health,  
 And blest with ev'ry Joy; while in Returns,  
 Alternate as the Night succeeds the Day,  
 Thy Cup is dash'd with Sorrow's bitter Gall;  
 And Life oppress'd with agonizing Pain.

PERHAPS, some latent Vice within the Soul  
 Requires this harsh Correction: Who can tell,  
 Should Riches and a constant Stream of Health  
 Flow on thee, but thy fickle wav'ring Mind,  
 Prone to Extremes, might yield itself a Slave  
 To base unmanly Pleasures; which deface  
 The human Soul, and nip the virgin Buds  
 Of Virtue's purer intellectual Joys.

OR

OR if not so, yet what is Virtue fair,  
But in Contempt of Pleasure, Profit, Pain,  
To chuse the Right, and chearfully submit,  
To what high Heaven's unerring Will ordains?

NOR think, tho' low thy Lot, and plain thy Garb,  
That Providence neglects thy abject State;  
And leaves thee to Despondence or Despair.  
When the Great PARENT form'd thy curious Frame,  
And breath'd th' immortal Spark; his gen'rous View,  
Was thy full Course of virtuous Trials past,  
To fix thy Station with the Sons of GOD:  
Where Joys immortal, Joys that never cloy,  
Pure as the sacred Source from whence they flow,  
Shall crown thy Labours and reward thy Toil.



## The P E N I T E N T.

I.

**I**N heavy Wrath, and dreadful Ire,  
LORD, let thy divine Command  
Dart forth the Light'ning's rapid Fire;  
Or hurl the Thunders from thy Hand.

2.

Weak as the feeble Moth I lie.  
With heavy Loads of Guilt oppress'd;  
O, let thy ready Mercies fly,  
And calm my weary Soul to Rest.

F

3. How



3.  
How happy were the pleasant Days,  
When thy mild Beams of Mercy  
Now thou withdraw'st thy friendly Rays,  
My Joys are fled, my Comforts gone.

4.  
No more, with conscious Raptures warm'd,  
My Soul with Pleasure views her God;  
Of Virtue's sacred Shield disarm'd,  
She trembles at th' impending Rod.

5.  
LORD cherish in my fainting Breast,  
The sacred Spark of Heav'nly Fire;  
There let thy Image shine confess'd,  
And all my drooping Pow'rs inspire.

6.  
When parch'd with Drought, the Meads and Bowers  
Relinquish their Bloom, and blasted lie;  
At the Return of genial Show'rs,  
Again they smile, and charm the Eye.

7.  
So let the barren Soul but feel  
The gentle Dews of Heav'nly Grace;  
And straight th' obdurate Heart of Steel,  
To Virtue's softest Charms gives Place.

8.  
In grateful Love to GOD and Men,  
Her brightest Pow'rs she will employ;  
The modest Graces form her Train,  
And all is Light, and Life, and Joy.

A PRAYER.



## A P R A Y E R.

**H**AIL! omnipresent Mind, to thee belong  
 The humble Prayer, and tributary Song;  
 Shelter'd by thee, the live-long Night I lay,  
 And gladly view the sweet returning Day;  
*Aurora* smiles, adorn'd with rosy Light,  
 And fled are all the gloomy Shades of Night,  
 All Nature's Beauties now appear to view,  
 And charm the Eye with something ever new;  
 At her Approach, fresh Graces they assume,  
 Expand their Buds, and shine with livelier Bloom.  
 O, may my Soul, with Grace divine inspir'd,  
 And with an ardent Thirst of Virtue fir'd;  
 Like these fair Objects, ev'ry Day improve,  
 " And glow with Ardors of Seraphic Love. " ——— *Young.*  
 Renew thy sacred Image in my Soul,  
 Cherish each Virtue, and each Sin controul;  
 Let universal Love my Breast inspire,  
 And warm my Bosom with her heav'nly Fire;  
 And may thy Mercy, gracious GOD, still raise  
 My ardent Gratitude, and chearful Praise.  
 Whene'er Distress and Sorrow meet my Eye,  
 O, prompt the friendly sympathetic Sigh;  
 Tho' weak my Pow'r, yet let the good Design,  
 And tender Wishes, claim thy Mercy mine?

THE warb'ling Tenants of the vocal Wood,  
 From thee expect, from thee receive their Food;  
 To thee the Flow'rs their brilliant Beauties owe,  
 Their sparkling Radiance, and their lively Glow;  
 Shall Birds, and Flow'rs, and Insects claim thy Care,  
 Through all the Seasons of the changing Year;  
 And shall my Heart distrust, Almighty Pow'r  
 Will not relieve me in the trying Hour?  
 LORD, when that Hour arrives, let heav'nly Grace  
 Compose my restless Passions into Peace.

IN ev'ry vary'd State, let me resign  
 My Soul to thee, and let thy Will be mine;  
 On thee repose, in thee alone confide,  
 And take unerring Wisdom for my Guide:  
 If Sickness pains, let Pain a Blessing prove,  
 And fix me firmer in thy heav'nly Love;  
 If Wants, and Cares, my lowly Cot surround,  
 Let calm Content beneath my Roof be found;  
 Convinc'd, that all thy Ways are just and right,  
 Tho' wrapt in Darkness, and involv'd in Night.

IN virtuous Practice, let my Time be spent,  
 Still careful to improve the Talent lent;  
 Preparing always for that dreadful Day,  
 When Nature's glorious Frame shall melt away,  
 And CHRIST in awful Majesty shall come,  
 To fix the Saint's, and Sinner's endless Doom,

Grant,



Grant, gracious GOD, I then with Joy may hear  
 These happy Words, disperſing ev'ry Fear;  
*" Well done, thou Faithful Servant, Friend of GOD,  
 Come take Poſſeſſion of the bleſt Abode,  
 Where Joys immortal, ſhall your Toil repay,  
 Through the bright Periods of eternal Day."*



Reflections on the Omnipreſence of the DEITY,  
 From P S A L M the CXXXIX<sup>th</sup>.

1.  
**L**ORD, ſhould my baſe ungrateful Heart,  
 Thy ſacred Laws prophane;  
 Where could I find an Hiding-place,  
 In Nature's ample Frame?

2.  
 If to yon azure Arch above,  
 I ſhould for Safety fly;  
 There I ſhould meet thy piercing Sight,  
 And penetrating Eye.

3.  
 If to the gloomy Shades of Death,  
 Or black Abodes of Hell;  
 'Tis there th' ALMIGHTY's vengeful Arm  
 And Sword of Juſtice dwell.

✦ Swift

4.

Swift as the Morning Ray, should I,  
Some distant Clime attain;  
Thy Essence ev'ry where diffus'd,  
Thy Captive would regain.

5.

Or should the foolish Thought obtrude,  
That Darkness would me hide;  
The Blaze of Day would shine around,  
And stream on ev'ry Side.

6.

Since then, nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sea,  
Nor Nature's darkest Shades,  
Can screen the Sinner from his Sight,  
Who boundless Space pervades;

7.

Be this thy daily Task, my Soul,  
Be this thy sole Delight;  
To act the just and worthy Part,  
As in thy MAKER'S Sight.

8.

So shalt thou wish to meet his Smiles,  
Nor dread his vengeful Rod;  
'Tis Guilt, 'tis conscious Guilt alone,  
That flies the Face of GOD.

An



# An HYMN for *CHRISTMAS-DAY*.

1.

**A** WAKE, my Soul, and let thy chearful Lays  
The Homage due to thy CREATOR prove;  
Let pious Gratitude, and ardent Praise,  
Display the Wonders of redeeming Love.

2.

To rescue Mortals, Slaves to Sin and Woe,  
For This the SON of GOD from Heav'n descends;  
For This he stoop'd our Weaknesses to know,  
And from their guileful Foe his Flock defends.

3.

To raise the Heart to Bliss beyond the Sky,  
And free the Soul from Sin's Tyrannic Sway;  
For This he left the MAJESTY on high,  
And all the blissful Realms of endless Day.

4.

A Manger first the heav'nly Babe receiv'd,  
His Glory veil'd in this obscure Retreat;  
Learn hence, ye Vain, how much you are deceiv'd,  
Nor fancy Pomp and Show can make you great.

5.

Let Virtue all your Words and Actions guide,  
Ye Sons of Men who wou'd your Thanks declare;  
In all your Feasts let Temperance preside,  
And nought but modest Mirth and Joy appear.

6. To



6.

To GOD on high let Glory due be paid,  
And let the pious Soul his Praise resound;  
On Earth, let Peace, Good-will, and friendly Aid,  
With universal Love to Man abound.



## An HYMN for *EASTER-DAY*.

1.

**H**AIL! happy Day, auspicious Hour,  
The Pledge of all our future Joys,  
On which the LORD of Life and Pow'r,  
Did from the silent Tomb arise.

2.

No longer Death exerts it's Sway,  
No more the Godhead lies conceal'd;  
But in the cloudless Blaze of Day,  
The bright Divinity's reveal'd.

3.

Triumphant o'er infernal Pow'rs,  
Behold thy blest REDEEMER rise,  
His Life a certain Pledge of our's,  
And Earnest of celestial Joys.

4.

Awake, my sluggish Heart, awake,  
No more these worthless Joys pursue;  
To nobler Aims thyself betake,  
And keep eternal Bliss in View.

5.

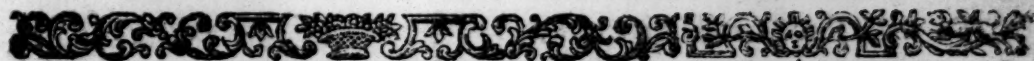
Let ev'ry Grace, and Virtue fair  
That in the Son of GOD combin'd,

Be

Be copy'd with religious Care;  
And made familiar to thy Mind.

6.

For such as Virtue love, shall gain  
A Portion on that happy Shore,  
Where inexhausted Pleasures reign,  
And Sin shall ne'er molest us more.



To a young LADY in a declining State of Health.

1.

**W**HAT Present shall the Muse prepare?  
What Consolation can she send?

To cheer the soft declining Fair,  
And fortify her suffering Friend.

2.

Alike thy early Fate and mine,  
Too like, alas! our tender Care;  
Oft have thy Sorrows pain'd my Heart,  
And forc'd the sympathizing Tear.

3.

As thine, the Rose's lively Blush,  
Adorn'd my infant smiling Face;  
And flatter'd fond Parental Love,  
With ev'ry op'ning Manly Grace.

4.

But quick another Scene succeeds,  
Corroding Pains the Heart invade,  
The transient Beauties instant fly,  
And all the sparkling Graces fade.

G

5. So

So late I saw thy Virgin Bloom,  
 Grow languid, faint, and fade away;  
 Small Loss, if yet th' immortal Mind,  
 Shines with the Beams of heav'nly Day.

6.

The Father when he sees his Child,  
 To wild Excess and Riot run;  
 Spares not the harsh correcting Rod,  
 To save from Death his darling Son.

7.

So when our heav'nly PARENT strikes,  
 His tender Mercies guard the Blow;  
 And his severe Chastisements tend,  
 His kind paternal Love to show.

8.

Then let us not, my Friend, repine,  
 That Sickneſs oft assaults our Frame;  
 If the divine cœlestial Spark,  
 Glows with a more resplendent Flame.

9.

To GOD supremely good and wise,  
 Let all our Aims and Wishes tend;  
 So shall his Counsel guide us here,  
 And lead to Bliss that ne'er shall end.

10.

For Virtue's Charms can never fade,  
 The Death of Nature they out-live;  
 And in their MAKER'S Smiles enjoy,  
 Whate'er Creative Pow'r can give.



To



To *SYLVIA*, on the Death of her Daughter.

**A**S *SYLVIA* pensive on her Pillow lay,  
 When Death had snatcht her lovely Girl away,  
 Sleep's balmy Dews her weary Eyes compose,  
 When to her lab'ring Mind this Vision rose;  
 An heav'nly Form, in Virgin White array'd,  
 The fair Resemblance of her lovely Maid  
 Before her stood; a bright Tiara plac'd  
 Upon her Head, the heav'nly Charmer grac'd;  
 A golden Lute, whose melting Notes controul  
 Our wildest Thoughts, she tun'd to calm her Soul.

**T**HEN with an Accent, mild as Zephyr's Gale,  
 That softly steals along the flow'ry Vale,  
 She Silence broke. " My Mother, Parent, all  
 The soft endearing Names we tender call,  
 Why are your Eyes bedew'd with silent Tears?  
 Whence all these vain, these visionary Cares?  
 Is Heav'n the happy, ever blessed Place,  
 For which the Christian runs the toilsome Race,  
 (Combates the Baits of Sense, the Wiles of Men,  
 Oppress'd with Poverty, or gall'd with Pain,  
 Pursu'd with Hate, by those who ought to love,  
 And doom'd a painful Pilgrimage to prove  
 In these low Scenes;) and grieves your Heart to see,  
 My Soul releas'd from Guilt, and Slavery;

And

And taken to that blest'd, sublime Abode  
Where spotless Virgin Minds enjoy their GOD?

" O, could I paint the blooming soft Retreat,  
Where the blest Sons of GOD in Transport meet;  
Or lead you to the bright ethereal Plain,  
Where Purity and Peace eternal reign;  
Where Flow'rs of bright immortal Verdure spring,  
And raptur'd SERAPHS heavenly Anthems sing;  
Where, dear Relations endless Friendship prove,  
And live in unmolested Joy and Love;  
How would your Bosom pant with warm Desire,  
To join the sacred Band and heav'nly Choir?  
How would you wish to break the brittle Clay,  
And long to shine in everlasting Day?

" CEASE then dear Parent, cease my Fate to mourn,  
And to the sacred Source of Comfort turn;  
On GOD alone your Confidence repose,  
To him your Wants make known, your Fears disclose;  
He through the winding Maze of Life will lead  
Your doubtful Steps, and teach you where to tread;  
Mercy and Justice he will kindly blend,  
And in Distress, almighty Succour send;  
And when the fatal Hour at last shall come,  
And Death consigns the Body to the Tomb,  
His Guardian Angels shall your Soul convey  
To the bright Regions of eternal Day."

F I N I S

